

you receive them? A lady has promised to take the elder girl and train her for service, but these two little ones are homeless and destitute and their mother lies fretting for them on her dying bed.'

'We *must* take them,' was our answer.

One of our newly-arrived orphans gives her history thus:—

'This is my birthday. May I talk to you a bit for a treat, ma'am, without ever you saying, "There, you have talked enough"? This little person has an uncommon power of speech. 'I was born in such a pretty place—all trees and green fields, and flowers, and birds, and a beck, and apple and gooseberry trees! I don't think you ever saw such a pretty place, ma'am. We had a nice home there, the nicest in all the village, and we were happy. Mother was very well, and father brought all his money home. He was a bricklayer on the line, and he built bridges and got rare good wages. My mother was a good woman, and she was very particular over us. She taught us our prayers, and made us say our graces and learn our Catechisms and hymns for Sunday school. Alice is my sister, you know. She is so bright and merry. Mother did set store on her, and Nita's my sister, too. At last father got no more work there, so we went to a town and lived in a flat, and a lot of people in the same house, and father couldn't get much to do, and he had very little money to bring home, and mother got poorly, she looked so white and miserable, and then she died, and the doctor said it was a galloping consumption. She told me not to fret, she said God could pay debts without money, and she knew He would take care of us, and we was to be good children and mind what she'd told us. After she was dead she did look so beautiful and happy.

'After mother was buried father paid a woman to come and mind us. She was daughter to the woman opposite. She was bad. She took mother's clothes and wore them, and cut up little Alice's clothes for her baby. She never minded us a bit, and my little brother soon died. She used to send me out in the dark night to buy gin; if it was very late there was only one shop open and that was at the station, and I was frightened to go so far, but she beat me if I didn't go. Father had begun to be ill too. He got a cancer, and at last he died in the hospital, and then Mrs. L. said she should try to get us three into this Home; and we do like it, and I mean to

be a good woman like mother when I grow up, and so do Alice and Nita.'

A lady writes:—'May I plead the cause of two little orphan girls who lost their father, a most respectable man, seven years ago, and have been since maintained by their mother, who took in washing? She is now dead. They are in the workhouse, the only girls amongst a lot of rough boys, excepting for occasional children of tramps.

'All our workhouse children go to school in the town; this does very well for the boys, but the little girls get rough and wild. We have no chaplain, and they get hardly any religious teaching at all. They are quick, bright children, and would well repay your care. Their only relation is an aunt, a very poor woman in delicate health, most anxious to see the children in a good home.'

These children also we have received.

We have another letter before us telling of the joy and comfort given to a poor dying father by the assurance that his motherless children would be taken into our large family.

We find it very difficult to convince the friends of orphans in different parts of England that the walls of our Homes are not elastic, and that until the Queen Victoria Orphanage is completed we can receive no more children. Some are aware that after saying 'no room,' we have been over-persuaded to find 'a corner somewhere' for a very little girl, or that on an elder girl going out into the world there has been a vacancy to slip into, so they do not cease to importune us, and the consequence is that we cannot cease to importune our friends for help to complete the Queen Victoria Orphanage. When this is built we can receive one hundred more orphans.

Let our readers remember that these children may come from any part of the British Empire, and that therefore we ask contributions of money from as wide an area as that from which we receive contributions of children.

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The Orphanage of Mercy and S. Mary's Convalescent Home are not local institutions. They receive destitute orphans and sick children from all parts of the country.

Cards for collecting shillings up to 30s. and pence up to 10s. will be forwarded on application. Gifts, such as fancy work, old and new clothing of all kinds, boots and shoes, blankets, bedding, crockery, fruit, vegetables, groceries, books, toys, are always very welcome.

Contributions will be gratefully received and acknowledged by Miss Helen Wetherell and Miss Frances Ashdown, Secretaries of the Church Extension Association, 27 Kilburn Park Road, London, N.W.